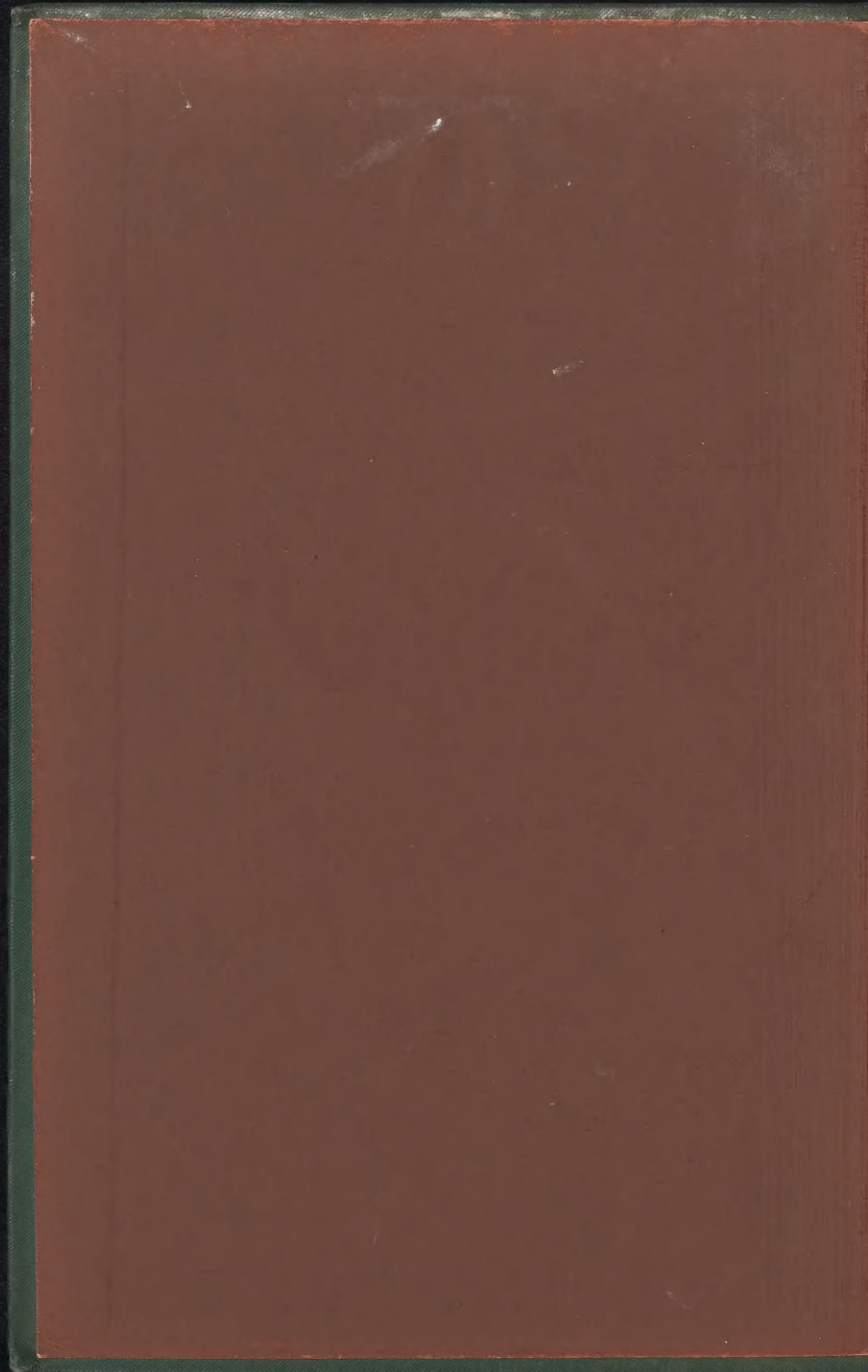
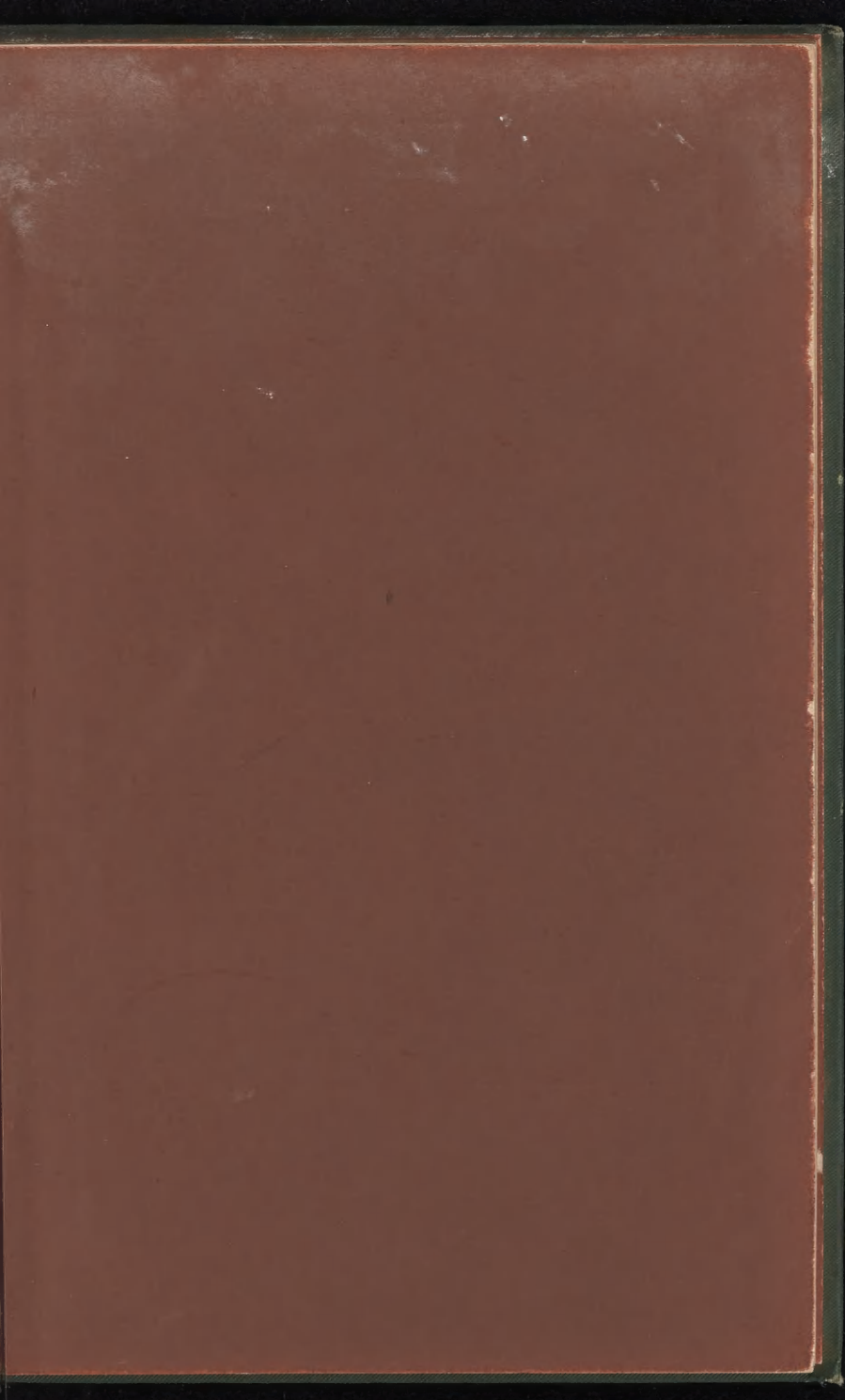
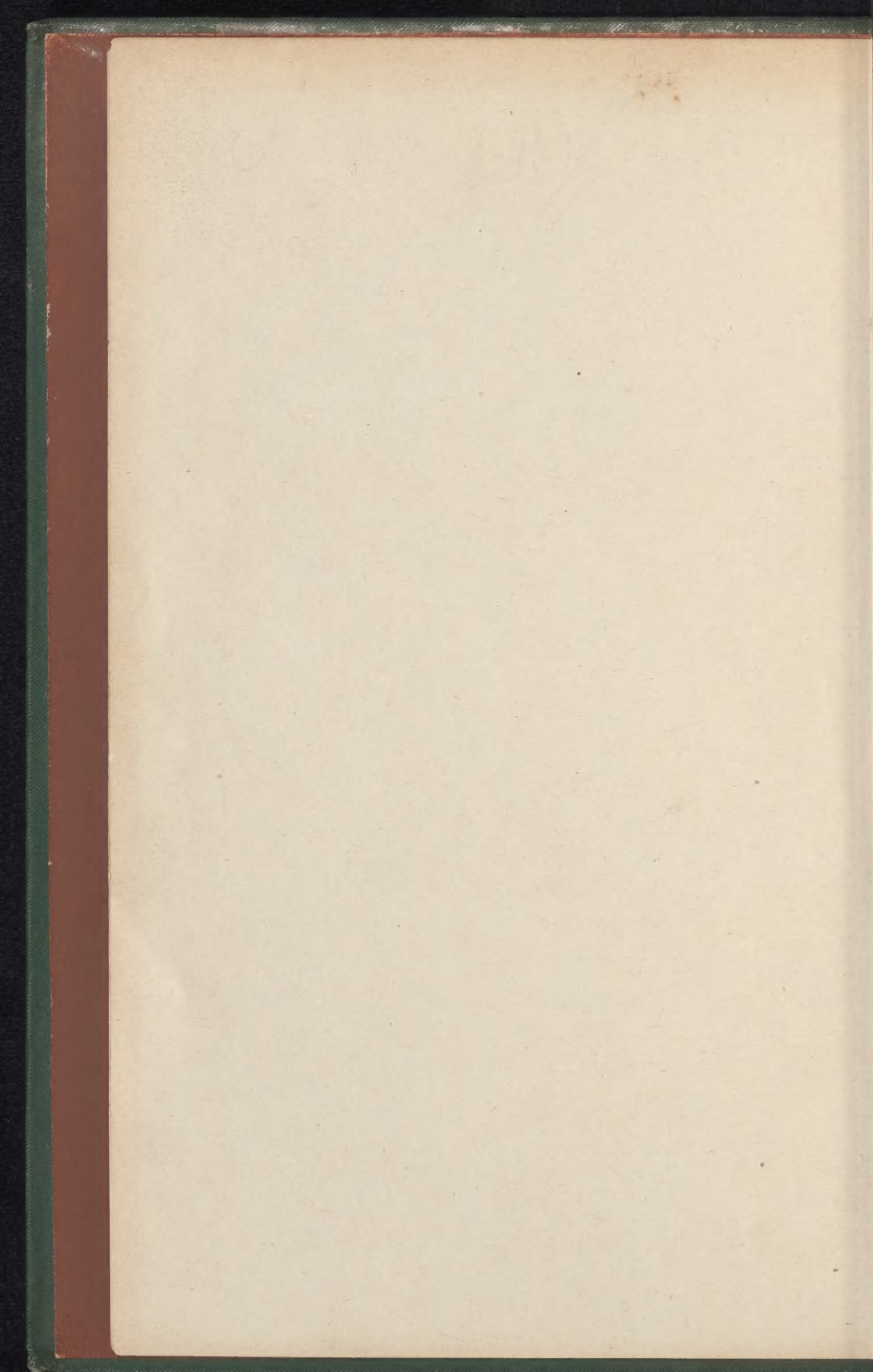


NOTES
OF A
TRIP TO IRELAND







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BY

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NOTES OF A TRIP TO IRELAND.

IT was in the summer of 1884, that I received a pressing invitation from an old and valued clerical friend to pay a visit to Ireland. By way of inducing me to undertake the journey, I was assured that "Nature had given England only ordinary attractions, while she had lavished her charms upon the sister isle." In common with most Englishmen, I had both heard and read much concerning the "gem of the sea," but as I had never set foot upon its soil, I determined to take advantage of the kind hospitality offered by the Rev. J. W. Kaye, rector of Derrybrusk, near Enniskillen, and formerly Curate of Ilkeston. Early on Sunday morning, the 20th July, in company with a friend, I made a start for Derrybrusk Rectory. As most people are aware, railway travelling on a Sunday is tedious work. After lengthy stoppages at Burton-on-Trent and Crewe, we arrived at Chester, where we had sufficient time to allow us to pay a hasty visit to the old Cathedral, in which afternoon service was being conducted. Awaiting its conclusion, we were afforded an opportunity of inspecting the beautiful architecture of the sacred building, admiring the magnificent stained windows,

and examining the many monuments which are to be found therein. Leaving the Cathedral, we passed the well known city walls, reminding us of the fact that Chester was once a Roman *castra*, or fortified town. The quaint character of the shops and dwelling-houses in the principal streets of the ancient city were also worthy of observation. Leaving Chester, we made for Holyhead, the scenery along the route being of the most charming description. The evening was sultry, and thousands of people sauntered along the sea beach at Conway, Penman-maur, Rhyl, and other places on the Welsh coast. Darkness had covered the western sky ere we entered the Isle of Anglesea by crossing the Menai Straits. Rushing, with a strange reverberating sound, through the far-famed Britannia Tubular Bridge, more than 100 feet above the water level, we were reminded of one of the greatest engineering feats of the present century, due to the skill of the well-known Stephensons. It may not be generally known that one of the spans of the bridge is 472 feet in length, and being composed entirely of iron, expands and contracts with the changes of temperature. To meet this difficulty the ends of the tubes rest on moveable rollers, and thus maintain the line of rail perfect. Holyhead (or Holy Island—so named because in the sixth century a monastery was founded there) was reached about eleven o'clock, and wearied with a whole day's travelling, we were glad to make at once for the London and North-Western Company's excellent boat "Eleanor," and set about making preparations for refreshing ourselves by a few hours' sleep if possible. There are three regular steamboat services

FROM HOLYHEAD TO IRELAND.

The mail route to Kingston is perhaps the finest in

the world. The Dublin line consists of a splendid fleet of steamships, and the vessels of the Holyhead and Greenore Service (in which the "Eleanor" is included) are of a superior class. On going aboard we had no difficulty in securing a berth, as there were but few passengers. The cabin in which we were installed (we were not saloon passengers) was about nine feet square, and it contained eight beds. The mattresses were covered with American oil-cloth, as were also the pillows, and these, with a couple of blankets, completed the bed. In a corner of the cabin a number of suggestive articles were piled up; and one gentleman, when he "turned in," took the precaution to place one close at hand so that it might be ready for any emergency. But the sea was in a good humour that night, and, to use a familiar simile, was as smooth as glass, so that during the whole of the journey from Holyhead to Greenore, a distance of eighty miles, the services of the steward in a particular capacity were not once called into requisition. The boat was timed to leave Holyhead at one a.m., by which time we had vainly sought to woo the drowsy god for nearly two hours. Besides the clanking of chains and a variety of rumbling noises on deck, betokening the preparations being made for a departure, the presence of some Irish cattle dealers in an adjoining cabin would have kept awake the most somniferously-inclined individual. Until nearly two o'clock were they laughing, singing, and relating their experiences,—the latter, it must be confessed, being in some instances of an amusing character—so that for three hours

A PERFECT BABEL OF VOICES

was produced with a success which to us was most aggravating. Punctually at one o'clock the signal was given to let go, and the engines commenced with

a bump, bump, which glided us quickly out into the open sea, and the "Eleanor" appeared to plough her way through the deep with an ease which was both pleasing and astonishing. Eventually we did get a little sleep. As soon as daylight made its appearance we were on deck, but the weather had undergone a great change since we left Holyhead. The bright starlight night had given place to a chilly and foggy morning, and presently the rain came down in a most uncomfortable drizzle. Between five and six o'clock the atmospherical conditions somewhat improved, and many miles to the west of the course we were steering we could dimly distinguish on the line of the horizon the outline of the Mourne mountains on the rock-bound coast of Ireland. In another hour we had approached sufficiently near to enable us to obtain a magnificent view of the mountainous district of county Down lying far beyond our landing-place. The bold and rugged mountain chain near Carlingford rises gradually, even from the water's edge, until it attains a height of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. In the dim distance Sliev Donard, the highest of the Mourne mountains, raises his grim form to a height of nearly 3,000 feet. In early morning the summit of these mountains is invisible, being hidden from view by a cloudy vapour which gives them the appearance of smoking volcanos. The whitewashed houses dotted on the hillsides give a charming appearance to the landscape, and form a somewhat surprising feature to those who know little or nothing of the habits and customs of the

"FINEST PISANTRY IN THE WORLD."

At ten minutes to seven a.m. (Irish time, which is about half-an-hour or twenty minutes later than in England) we left the boat at Greenore. The quay is

a very fine one, being 750 feet long. There is also a commodious terminus, and a good hotel, but no town or private houses. In the absence of any opposition, it is easy to understand that the charges for accommodation at the hotel (which belongs to the railway company) are heavier than is agreeable to persons with limited means. The tariff at the refreshment room is also regulated on the same principle, and is calculated to effectually prevent any accidents which might possibly result from over-indulgence in the good things of this life. However, the waiters were most obliging, which was somewhat of a recompense; and to listen to their remarkable Irish brogue was worth something to strangers and Englishmen. After a stoppage of a little more than half-an-hour, the services of the "iron horse" were once more called into requisition, and, entering a through carriage for Enniskillen, we were quickly speeding along in that direction, *via* Dundalk and Clones. Dundalk is a busy station, through which all trains pass from Belfast or Londonderry to Dublin. The country lying between Greenore and Dundalk—a distance of about twelve miles—presents a very wild and rugged appearance, the sides of the towering hills being covered with a kind of gorse or heather, except where massive boulders here and there peep out, and seem ready to roll down the steep declivity, carrying danger and destruction in their course. Houses along the route are very few, but the white-washed style is rigidly carried out, and the roofs without exception are thatched with straw. None can boast more than one storey, and while some of them are in excellent repair, so far as can be judged from a hasty outside view, others are in a wretched condition. The country at the foot of the hills is extremely pretty, the fields of corn and grass being

mostly separated by stone walls, the whole forming a beautiful panorama of light and dark green with a tinge of pale yellow alternating.

NUMBERS OF BARE-FOOTED WOMEN

were busily engaged on the land. As many ■ thirteen were counted in one field, and, with red handkerchiefs wrapped over their heads and tied under the chin, they looked as happy and contended as a body of workers could well do. The line to Dundalk is carried over the estuaries of Castletown and Ballymascanlan by two large viaducts, each having twenty-two spans of nearly forty feet. The first stopping-place was Dundalk, where we were required to show tickets for about the ninety-ninth time. It is the chief town of Louth, and is situated at the head of ■ magnificent bay. Having a very fine harbour, and possessing the advantage of an important railway centre, it is the chief medium of export for cattle, and every description of farm produce, from the western and north-western provinces. The town itself is flat and unattractive, almost one long curved street. "Its chief ornament," says Mr. W. F. Wakeman, in his *Tourists' Guide to Ireland*, "is Dundalk House, one of the residences of Lord Roden, an imposing turretted mansion, surrounded by well laid-out grounds. Dundalk is an old town, and was formerly fortified; traces may be still seen of its walls, and also of the tower of its ancient monastery. Here Edward Bruce was crowned, and lived in royal splendour for about two years; and it was on the hill of Faughard adjacent that a battle was fought between Bruce, with his Scotch and Irish followers, and John de Bermingham, at the head of an English army, which resulted in the death of Bruce and many of his chieftains, and the total rout of his followers. An immense

earthen tumulus may be observed on the hill of Faughard, in which tradition relates the body of Bruce is interred." At Dundalk the railway branches off to Newry, Belfast, Enniskillen, and Londonderry. After a lengthy stoppage we continued our journey towards Clones and Enniskillen. Passing Inniskeen we noticed that the whole of the exterior of the church, except the tower, was white-washed. Approaching Castleblaney, we found the railway line for a considerable distance cut through the solid rock, which is of a bluish kind and abounds in the neighbourhood. Hereabouts were also many

LARGE BEDS OF PEAT OR TURF,

and immense quantities of the same had been stacked in "clumps," as they are called, in order that they might be dried by the sun before being carted away as fuel. At a distance they looked like so many bags of soot, and presented a curious sight. As we afterwards learned, the turf is cut with a long narrow spade, forming a right angle, and some of the peasantry are very expert in this kind of employment. When dried it is very light, and makes first-rate fires, which, although they do not blaze so much as coal, when they become all aglow, produce a great heat. The turf is not very suitable for use in fireplaces, and it is therefore usually burnt on the mud floor, the smoke ascending by a wide open chimney, as we had several opportunities of observing in the vicinity of Derrybrusk. Shortly after leaving Castleblaney we arrived at Ballybay, where there is a nice-looking church with a tall spire, built of blue stone or rock. The next place of importance we reached was the ancient town, or rather city, of Clones, which is pronounced "Clonees." It is asserted that a church and monastery were founded here in the sixth century, of

which no vestige now remains ; but on a site anciently appertaining to the monastic enclosure stands a very curious cross, 15 feet in height, which may be described as being composed of three portions—base, shaft, and head. It is divided on each face into three panels, those of the front and back being carved with illustrations of Scripture history. Amongst the designs (says Mr. Wakeman) may be recognised our first parents standing beneath the fatal tree, round the trunk of which the serpent is twining ; on the other side is the expulsion, and the sacrifice of Isaac. At Clones is also one of those

CURIOUS ROUND TOWERS

which are to be met with in various parts of Ireland, as well as the ruins of what was evidently once a most magnificent church. The few remaining portions of the sacred structure are designated the Abbey, and present many features of interest to the antiquarian. What is known as the Monument is situated on a line between the tower and the abbey, and directly facing the door of the former. It is formed of a single block of hard, red sandstone, five feet ten inches in length by three feet in height, which has been fashioned into the form of an Early Irish church. The interior is artificially hollowed so that the work forms a shrine in form exactly like that of St. Ethelreda, in Ely Cathedral. The ground over which it stands is considered especially holy, although ancient tradition is completely silent regarding the grave and its shrine. After a short stay at Clones (from which there is a branch railway to Armagh, where there is a splendid cathedral belonging to Protestants, and where resides the Primate of Ireland), we continued our journey, passing Newtownbutler, Lisnaskea, and other smaller places, and finally arriving at Lissbelow, where we

were to alight for Derrybrisk. The station at Liss-below is about five miles from Enniskillen; and it was with pleasure that, after a journey of thirty hours, we found ourselves welcomed by the Rev. J. W. Kaye, who was in waiting to receive us at the station. Entering the carriage of our host, we drove slowly through the village, and along the winding lanes leading to Derrybrusk. It was a fine morning, with a balmy air; and as the people of the locality were in the midst of their hay harvest, the drive was a most enjoyable one. The hedgerows abounded with the sweet-smelling honeysuckle in full bloom, and it would have been an easy task to have gathered the beautifully-coloured flowers by bunches at almost every step. The birds were singing merrily, and there was an air of calmness about the whole neighbourhood which appeared in strange contrast to what we were led to believe was the disturbed condition of some parts of the unhappy country. Indeed, we might easily have forgotten that we were in a "strange" land but for the frequency with which we were reminded of the fact by a sight of the dark blue uniform of the

ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

As a rule the members of the force appear to be under thirty years of age, and fine-looking fellows they are; but in the particular neighbourhood we visited, time seemed to hang rather heavily on their hands. After a pleasant drive of nearly two miles we reached Derrybrusk Rectory, a comfortable-looking building, by far the best house, and the only one with a second storey, in the locality. With a spacious lawn in the front, separating it from the highway, the Rectory stands on a slight elevation, and occupies a most desirable and healthy situation. Attached to it are about 18 acres of land

beside orchard and garden, one field rising so abruptly that when the highest point is reached a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained. Standing in Fermanagh, we could see the silvery waters of Lough Erne winding along at a distance from us of a little more than a mile, and the lofty hills of Donegal, Leitrim, and Cavan, were also plainly visible to the naked eye. It was the contemplation of an autumn sunset from this particular situation, that called forth the following lines, composed in September, 1883, by the worthy Rector of Derrybrusk:—

Earth joys to meet the setting Sun,
And owns him King, alone;
He reigns—and on old Cuilca's height,
He makes his western throne.

The sky is bathed in sapphire light,
Where late his chariot roll'd;
His robes are clouds of purple hues,
And fringed with burnish'd gold.

O'er clondlet isles, and jasper seas,
Pale stars sweet music make;
And floods of living lustre stream,
O'er hill and dale and lake.

Enchanting scene! Oh glorious sight!
Entranced—I still would gaze;
And fill with rapture all my soul,
In that rich glory blaze.

Slowly the clouds come thronging round;
Slowly the grandeur fades;
Slowly are gathering o'er the scene,
The darker evening shades.

And yet once more Sol darts his rays
In brilliance far around;
Ah! soon 'tis past—such visions fair,
Not oft on earth are found.

I linger on the hill-top still,
To catch the latest ray;
And turn in sadness from the view,
As dies the light of day.

Cuilca, the mountain named in the poem, is the highest of the group, and extends out of county Fermanagh into Leitrim.

The picturesque eminence of Knockninny, rising from the southern shore of lower Loch Erne—the opposite side to that on which we were standing—seems to have derived its name from some connexion with St. Ninnian, a famous Monk, whose principal establishment was on Innismacsaint, one of the islands of the lake. The hill is a favourite resort of excursionists and tourists, and every accommodation may be obtained at a comfortable hotel near the water's edge. It is now opened by Mr. Streater, a well-known landscape painter. Connected with Knockninny,

A REMARKABLE LEGEND

was related to us by our host. It was to this effect. At the foot of the hill is a well of splendid water, supposed to have been left to the inhabitants of that part by St. Ninnian. The famous donor warned the people that the well must always be kept carefully covered when not being used, or some dreadful catastrophe would certainly happen. The story runs that on a certain day, a woman was drawing water, and hearing her child cry, she ran to its assistance, carelessly leaving the covering off the well. As a consequence, the water escaped from the well in such volume that it rushed down the hill, filling the valley, and forming Lough Erne. Whether this could rightly be termed a "catastrophe" is very doubtful, when it is considered how greatly the lake has added to the natural charms of the locality. Indeed, by one well-known writer the Erne generally has been described "as the most beautiful lake in the three kingdoms." This wonderful story is still believed by numbers of old people dwelling in the neighbourhood. A slightly different version is given by Mr. Wakeman, and he supplies the additional information that the

thoughtless woman and her family were all drowned by the irresistible current, which swept away her house and many other dwellings betwixt that place and Ballyshannon. To our great disappointment, a projected visit to Knockninny and this remarkable well was reluctantly abandoned on account of unfavourable weather.

After a good night's rest, which was indeed welcome after our long journey, we were invited to inspect the ruins of Derrybrusk Old Church, which are to be found about ten minutes walk from the rectory. After traversing the highway for some distance, our road lay along a long-neglected pathway, overgrown with moss and grass, leading to what was once the parish church. A rusty iron gate, fastened by a bolt, blocked the entrance to the churchyard, which was the very picture of neglect and desolation. Rank vegetation of various kinds grew nearly breast high, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we cleared a pathway to the dilapidated remnants of the sacred building. The morning being oppressively warm, the air was teeming with insect life, and the continual buzzing of countless busy bees as they passed from flower to flower blooming over the ashes of the long silent dead, while not another sound disturbed the almost religious quiet which pervaded the locality, suggested thoughts which it would be almost impossible to describe. Until the

DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE IRISH CHURCH,

so we were informed, the burial ground was kept in a decent state; but at that time the particular neighbourhood in which the churchyard is situated was taken from the parish of Derrybrusk and added to the neighbouring parish of Derryvullen. Since the transfer, it is presumable, the

parishioners of Derrybrusk have not considered themselves under any obligation to bestow much labour upon the "God's acre" wherein the bones of their ancestors were many years before reverently laid. Our attention was directed to a particular tombstone which lay flat upon the ground, but so overgrown was it that only a small portion of it was visible. However, we determined to clear it and to decipher the inscription if possible, as we were told that it had been placed there to perpetuate the memory of two of the ancestors of the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, the stealing of whose corpse from the grave created quite a sensation a few years ago. Borrowing a spade from a farmhouse a short distance away, we set to work, and having cleared the stone of the moss and vegetation which obscured it, and rubbed its face well with handfuls of the dewy grass, we were able to distinguish, in rudely-cut characters, the following inscription:—

Here lieth the Body of John
Lindsay Crawford, second son of
the Honorable Viscount Garnock,
of Kilberny, in Scotland, who
departed this life 2d June,
1745, aged 47 years.

As also the Body of his
Brother James Lindsay
Crawford, a son of the above
said Honorable Viscount
Garnock, who departed
this life, 1st December, 1745,
aged 45 years.

It is somewhat remarkable that the whole of the figure 4's on the stone were not cut as represented above, but were formed with the angle to the right hand instead of the left. In the churchyard are also buried many descendants of a Montgomery

family, once famous in the neighbourhood. Members of the same family are living at the present time not more than half-a-mile away on Innismore Island, in Loch Erne, and in other parts of that neighbourhood. During his residence the present Rector of Derrybrusk has laid to rest at least three of the Montgomerys within the ruined walls of this old churchyard. As far as we were able to learn, the church itself began to fall into decay and disuse quite a hundred years ago, so that at the present time all that remains of the sacred building is the east gable and a portion of the north and south walls. Inside and outside, however, the ruins are completely overgrown with ivy, which has found its way from the exterior between the mullions of the east window, giving that particular part a very pretty and picturesque appearance. The stone tracery of this window with the capital still remains in a good state of preservation, and we succeeded in taking a sketch of the same. The style of the architecture is Early English decorated. To antiquarians the window could not fail to be deeply interesting. Within the walls the scene was much the same as in the churchyard. Alder trees and vegetation of almost every kind flourished luxuriantly, and cast a shadow over the many tombstones which are to be found therein. On one of the stones we discovered the arms of the Rosse family (the Lord of Belleisle), who lived in the parish for a long time, and were known to have been buried there; but the inscription was so obliterated that we failed to decipher it. The graves of other members of the same family, to which I shall have occasion to refer later on, are also to be found in the churchyard. After spending about two hours in exploring Derrybrusk old church and its surround-

ings, we hurried back to the rectory, as we had arranged to visit

THE ANCIENT TOWN OF ENNISKILLEN

in the afternoon, and were anxious to return home by one of the steamboats which traverse Loch Erne between Enniskillen and Belleisle, a distance of about fourteen miles. The road from Derrybrusk to Enniskillen passes through a well-wooded and picturesque part of the country, and furnishes a very enjoyable drive of about four Irish miles. Soon after leaving the rectory, we passed through the village of Tamlaght, in the parish of Derrybrusk, where there is a handsome new church. The church is separated from the main road by a neatly-kept burial ground, and is usually called Lord Belmore's church, arising, no doubt, from the fact that it was mainly built by his lordship. There are also the ruins of an old church near to the same place, which we visited a day or two afterwards, and which will be found referred to later on. About a mile further, in the direction of Enniskillen, we had a fine view through the trees of Castle Coole, the magnificent residence of Earl Belmore, which occupies a beautiful situation a considerable distance from the road, to the right hand. His lordship is a staunch Protestant Churchman, and is a constant attendant at Derryvullan church when in residence at Castle Coole. In the plantations which skirt the sides of the highway we were surprised to find a large number of trees, some of them at least a hundred feet long, lying upon the ground, having apparently been torn up by the roots in a violent manner. In answer to inquiries we were informed that the damage done was

THE RESULT OF A TERRIBLE STORM

which raged during a whole night, about two

years before. We were assured that the morning after the hurricane—for it could have been nothing less—the road to Enniskillen was thoroughly blocked, scores of gigantic trees having fallen across it, while in the woods themselves, not hundreds, but thousands of lofty firs had been levelled with the ground. The estate of Lord Belmore thus suffered immense damage, and for months afterwards the work of removing the fallen trees was constantly maintained. The roots of the trees appeared to have run along the ground at a shallow depth from the surface, and the earth being of a somewhat swampy nature, the storm wrought much greater devastation than it could have possibly done in other parts of the country where the solid character of the soil would give greater security to the roots. Nearing Enniskillen, and quite close to the grounds of Castle Coole, we passed underneath a fine iron bridge which carries the Sligo, Leitrim, and Northern Company's railway over the highroad and Loch Erne. The most prominent object to attract attention when approaching the old garrison town is a lofty monumental column which stands within an ancient battery, and what are now known as the pleasure grounds. It was erected in honour of General Sir Lowry Cole, an officer highly distinguished in the struggles of the Peninsular War, and uncle of the late Earl of Enniskillen. The town of Enniskillen stands upon one of the islands of Loch Erne, and is entered at either end by a bridge. It is said to be remarkable for the purity of its atmosphere. There is but one principal street, in which there are some fairly good shops; but in the minor thoroughfares the buildings are generally old and low. The real business of the town is done in the main thoroughfares and market-places. Being

situated in the centre of a thriving agricultural district, it is a very prosperous market town. As the market is held on Tuesday and Thursday, we had an opportunity of seeing the long lines of farmers' carts which had brought for sale a vast quantity of butter and eggs, and other produce of the district. There also appeared to be a good attendance of buyers. The time at our disposal being very limited, we had to deny ourselves the pleasure of inspecting the interior of the Parish Church, which was built in 1637, in the Perpendicular style, and the eastern window of which "Wakeman" asserts is one of the finest examples of stained glass to be seen in Ireland. Since our visit a new chancel has been built. In the church are a number of tattered and worn-out colours of

THE ENNISKILLEN REGIMENTS.

There is also, very near to the Parish Church, the Roman Catholic Chapel of St. Michael, a magnificent building, of the Italian style of architecture. There are also barracks for the garrison, and in front of these the sentries, with measured tread, paced backwards and forwards with wearisome monotony. What is termed the "Castle Barrack" stands on the ground at one time occupied by the old Castle of the Maguires, Princes of Fermanagh, who held Enniskillen from the year 1302 until the reign of James I. Of the ancient castle few traces now remain, with the exception of a castellated gateway, which stands on the side of Loch Erne, and is in an excellent state of preservation. At each of its two angles are circular towers, with conical roofs of stone, rising to a considerable height above the parapet. Of these we had a first-rate view as we sailed within a short distance of them on board the "Knockninny" steamboat, belonging to

what is designated by its noble owner, "The Royal Erne Navy." The boat makes voyages once a week for several miles on the "upper lake"—the portion of Loch Erne between Enniskillen and Belturbet—in order to afford the country people facilities to visit the market at Fermanagh's capital. This is a great boon to the poorer class of people, who acknowledge that for this and other valuable efforts in their behalf they owe a deep debt of gratitude to J. G. V. Porter, Esq., of Bellisle, who has proved an inestimable friend to the whole neighbourhood, and has given abundantly of his wealth to promote the welfare of all classes. It may here be stated that

THE "ROYAL ERNE NAVY"

consists of two boats only, the "Knockninny" and "Belturbet," so that the high-sounding title of this dual combination partakes somewhat of a facetious character. I must admit that it was with feelings of curiosity I stepped on board the "Knockninny" steamboat, and found myself in the midst of a motley crowd of intending passengers, many of whom had brought with them the varied purchases they had made at the market. For size the vessel would hardly compare with a Trent boat, but it was by no means devoid of comfort. It would be about three o'clock in the afternoon that Captain Toner gave the word to let go, and we glided into the lake with as much ostentation as though the "Great Eastern" had just started to cross the Atlantic. Our "port" of debarkation was to be Carry Bridge, distant from Enniskillen by water about 13 miles. The view in passing along the placid lake was beautiful in the extreme, and almost defies description. Miniature islands, some of them being but a few perches in diameter, are to be seen in great

number in Loch Erne, as well as others of much larger size. Covered with a cloth of green, and frequently bearing a cluster of trees, the smallest of these water-bound earth-spots give to a voyage on Loch Erne a charm which cannot be experienced while travelling on the great majority of inland lakes. A sunset on this beautiful lake has been admirably portrayed by Mr. Kaye in the following lines :—

Fair Erne! it was an eve
Of glory and delight;
Of grandeur rarely seen,
Majestic as the night,
Of Alpine skies, while linger yet the rays,
Which sunset's afterglow alone displays.

Brightly th' imperial Sun
Was beaming in the west,
Enrobing earth and sky
In glory ne'er exprest.
The smiling earth, admiring, blushed with glad surprise,
And heaven adorned, look'd down with wond'ring eyes.

The wid'ning lake did seem
A sea of liquid gold,
Enrich'd with glittering spoils
Of wealth and gems untold.
And every flow'ret on its banks that grew
Was changed and tinged with lustrous golden hue.

The sky's deep azure-gold
Was toned with shades of night,
And pale and silver stars
Slept in the ambient light;
While radiant in the East the moon arose,
To weave her spell of love at evening's close.

Then chang'd that gorgeous scene—
Softly the golden light,
Faded to sapphire hue,
Save where, in radiance bright,
The moon, the margin of the lake, did tinge,
And weave along the gold, a silver fringe.

The stars in rapture woke,
 To gaze upon the scene;
 It seem'd too fair for earthly—
 As Eden was I ween.
 It was a scene of loveliness; more rare,
 In earth than heaven—'twas passing fair.

* * * *

Slow fell the evening shades,
 And all ~~was~~ hush'd to rest;
 Save when some zephyr played,
 Upon sweet Lough Erne's breast.
 Then tow'ring Cuilcagh proudly threw his shade
 O'er all Knockninny, lake, and glade.

To attempt to describe, or even notice the many objects of interest which came under our notice as we steamed towards Carry Bridge, would be almost an endless task, and I shall therefore, touch but slightly upon one or two. Leaving the "Castle Barrack" behind, we were not long in reaching the railway bridge, already mentioned as being passed on the road to Enniskillen. Close to the point where the bridge crosses the lake, we entered one of the narrowest passes of the Erne; indeed, so shallow was the water, and so contracted the passage, that as the boat ploughed her way, the displacement of water was distinctly perceptible by its sudden rise on either bank. The lake then takes its course for about half a mile through a beautifully-wooded demesne, and eventually (as "Wakeman" says), "emerging from this charming and romantic passage, on a broad expanse of water, with a view of the mountains of Cuilca and Benaghlan towering grey in the distance." After passing Lisgoole Abbey—once a monastery of considerable note, but now a modern dwelling, with beautifully laid out gardens and grounds—we sailed by the charming island of Iniskeen, once the site of the parish church for the district of Enniskillen. An

abrupt sweep around the shores of another point brought us in view of Belnaleck Church, which is chiefly noted on account of a curious inscription which appears on a monument in the churchyard, erected by John Lord Cole, as a tribute to the memory of his faithful servant, Peter Leonard, who died July 4th, 1789. After passing other places and objects of interest, we entered a narrow channel, which is the form taken by the lake for more than a mile between Knock Island and Innismore, the largest island on the Upper Lake.

Situated on an eminence overlooking the whole of this island is Innismore Hall, the beautiful seat of the late Mr. Hall, and afterwards of the late Captain Gore, J.P. The doorway is supported on four Corinthian columns, with enriched capitals, and in the distance the mansion has a very imposing appearance. We were now close to Carry Bridge, which connects Innismore Island with the mainland, and as this was the place where we had arranged to disembark, the "Knockninny" was brought to a stop for a few minutes. A flat-bottomed boat, or cot, as it is usually called, was then put off from the shore, and several other passengers besides ourselves left the steamer, scrambling as well as we were able into the small craft which was to convey us to *terra firma*. The operation of being transferred from the steamer to the boat was not a very easy one, and would have been attended with danger unless great care had been exercised; but, fortunately, no mishap occurred, and all were safely placed upon Innismore Island. Before proceeding with the details of the journey "home," I must pause to mention some information I gleaned while on board the steamer, and to note the honour conferred upon me by being introduced to a lady

who is beloved by all classes in the neighbourhood, on account of her many works of charity and benevolence. Shortly after we had left Enniskillen, and while admiring the beauty of the magnificent scenery spread out on every hand, our host was informed that Miss Porter, the sister of the noble owner of Belleisle, was in the "state" cabin, and desired his presence. The mandate having been obeyed, it eventually resulted in the writer being introduced to

THE PHILANTHROPIC LADY.

The cabin was a roomy apartment, not elegantly upholstered, but fairly comfortable, with an abundance of light; and from the partly-open windows, which admitted a refreshing breeze, a splendid view of the richly-wooded country through which we were passing was easily obtained. I found Miss Porter an extremely agreeable lady, very affable, and judging from her conversation, remarkably well informed. She was apparently about 50 years of age, and I found her admiring a piece of carved woodwork she had just purchased, in her anxiety to encourage the efforts of an humble son of Erin's Isle, who depended for a livelihood upon the sale of these specimens of his clever handiwork. From Miss Porter, I learned that her brother—of whom she was evidently justly proud—had been most untiring in his exertions to prevent the great damage which had periodically resulted from the flooding of the land on the shores of Loch Erne. Some idea of the extent of the damage which had been thus caused may be gathered from the fact that up to two years before, no less than 17,000 acres of land had been annually under water in the winter time, entailing a loss of from £40,000

to £50,000. For thirteen years Mr. Porter had urged the Government and the large owners of land adjoining the lake to undertake

THE DRAINAGE OF LOCH ERNE,

and had himself spent nearly £5,000 in demonstrating the feasibility of making the lake navigable. For this purpose he had frequently engaged the services of skilled engineers, generously bearing all the cost of the same. It was also mainly with this view that the "Royal Erne Navy" was established in 1868, since which time I learnt that the "Knockninny" and "Belturbet" had regularly made voyages upon the beautiful lake. After many years of fruitless persuasion and repeated disappointments, Mr. Porter had the satisfaction of seeing his plans assume a practical shape in the year 1879. Three years afterwards the much-needed work was commenced, and is now roughly completed by the Lough Erne Drainage Board. It is not my intention to describe at any length the important work now completed. Suffice it to say that the operations were planned on a gigantic scale, and have involved a vast expenditure. Hundreds of thousands of tons of rocky material have been removed from the channel of Lough Erne at Belleek, where a lock and sluices have been constructed within four or five miles of the sea. The main idea of the sluice gates is to preserve the upper and lower lakes at their summer level all the year round; whereas, previous to their erection, it was no uncommon thing for the water to rise ten feet higher in the winter than in the summer season of the year. Altogether there are

FOUR GATES OF ENORMOUS STRENGTH,

and it is estimated that they are capable of discharging five million gallons of water per

minute. So far had the works proceeded in 1884 that all danger of flooding to any appreciable extent in the future was at an end. Miss Porter, I felt convinced, from the animated way in which she conversed upon this subject, took a great personal interest in the scheme, and had no doubt done much to encourage her brother during the long period of disappointment he had been compelled to endure. Taking leave of this estimable lady on board the "Knockninny," we landed, as before mentioned, near to Carry Bridge, respecting which I take the liberty of quoting another poem, full of historical references, from the facile pen of our host and guide *pro tem*. In the form of a reverie, it runs as follows:—

One summer eve I wander'd on,
By lough and mead and ferry,
Until I came and stood alone
Upon the Bridge of Carry.
I gazed below upon the flow
Of waters rolling under:
My thoughts ran fast upon the past,
And filled my mind with wonder.

I thought of deeds in years gone by,
When brothers fought with brothers;
When kings waged war with chieftain lords—
O Neil's, Magnires, and others.
And if they fought near here, I thought,
'Midst all their flight and flurry
Where would they go?—for then, you know,
There was no bridge at Carry.

I thought of good St. Patrick too,
Who oft, in Inismore,
Would preach to crowds assembled round
From hill and dale and shere.
And there's the stone, "worn to the bone,"
Where oft all night he'd tarry
In earnest prayer, in Arda there,
Whene'er he passed through Carry.

I look'd across to Gola then,
Where once the Abbey stood ;
I thought of monks who counted beads
In prayerful solemn mood.
I could not name how oft they came
With net and "cot" or wherry,
As Fridays passed, and Lenten fast,
To catch their fish at Carry.

I turned to see the stately trees
That flourish round Belleisle—
Its ancient halls and Norman tower,
A massive, noble pile.
With graceful pride the waters glide,
And never seem to hurry ;
They love just there to linger, ere
They reach the Bridge of Carry.

Belleisle ! long graced by noble blood,
And more by noble deeds,
Thy scions lived for Ireland's sake,
And not for human meeds.
They labour'd hard, though often marr'd,
This needed road to quarry ;
It came at last, when strife was past,
And here's the Bridge of Carry.

Nor must I fail, 'midst grandeur wi'd,
To yield one more award :
For island, lake, and mountain charm
Are lavish'd round Corrad.
Fair scenes expand o'er stream and land,
Where suns most love to tarry,
Then sink to rest in yonder west
Beyond the Bridge of Carry.

But twilight falls, and seems to hide
The visions of the past ;
The ancient feudal times are gone—
'Tis well they could not last ;
And chiefs ne'er wield the sword and shield,
Nor desperate spear-thrusts parry.
'Tis well 'tis so. Flow, waters, flow
Beneath the Bridge of Carry.

In the fourth verse my readers will notice a reference to Gola, "where once the abbey stood." To

me this possesses a special interest, because we had arranged that, on our way home, we would pay a complimentary visit to the patriarchal old man who occupies a farm-house built upon the site of this once famous abbey. Having disembarked upon Innismore Island, we crossed Carry Bridge and reached the mainland, a few minutes walk from Gola Abbey, as it is still called. The sun was sinking in the far west, and there was hardly a breath of air to fan the heated brows of the labourers who were busily engaged in securing the hay-harvest in the neatly-mown fields by the side of the highway we traversed. Seated on an embankment, intently watching a party of these labourers, who could be easily overlooked from this elevated position, although a considerable distance away, we found old Robert Wilson—or "Robin," as he is familiarly termed—the thrifty occupier of Gola Abbey, and one of the most successful farmers in the neighbourhood. In real Irish fashion and the genuine brogue, he bid us welcome to his hospitable homestead. Round each of his knees we noticed that the old man had tied a red handkerchief, and we learnt with sorrow that he was so afflicted with rheumatism, that he was totally unable to walk, and had been carried from the house to the position he then occupied. Otherwise, "Robin" Wilson, although over 90 years of age, seemed to be a hale and hearty specimen of the sturdy Irish race. He cordially invited us to "look round" the ancient place where he was born, and seemed from the way in which he stated it, quite proud of the fact that his landlord was "Sur" Charles King, Bart., of Corrard and London. We *did* "look round," and "sure enough" some of

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE OLD ABBEY

were still to be seen, on which had been built hundreds of years before, the residence of one of the old Irish Kings, and which afterwards was used as an Abbey by the Monks. The place was evidently familiar to Mr. Kaye, who pointed out to us a butter churn, worked in a novel manner by horse-power. We found that "Robin" was the owner of a large number of stock, and that he made butter in such great quantities, that to churn by hand was out of the question. The butter is sent in tubs or firkins to the market at Enniskillen or Lisbellaw, and the old man assured us that it was not at all "salt," as we are apt to get it very often when retailed in England. We were afterwards told that Mr. Wilson's labourers are each allowed at dinner a quarter of a pound of butter, which is mixed with their potatoes, and serves the purpose of gravy, instead of bacon in summer; bacon being almost universally used in all the country districts of Ireland in lieu of fresh meat. While we were "exploring" the exterior of the house, Mr. Wilson's two daughters, who had been informed of our arrival, had transferred the old man from the place where we first found him into a seat in the chimney corner, and had made certain preparations to do honour to their unexpected guests. And one or two words here with respect to the Misses Wilson. Delicate though the subject is, I do not think I should be justified in passing it over in silence. They were not very young, possibly between thirty and forty, but womanly and intelligent. It is equally certain that they knew how to work; and though they flitted about with bare feet, attending to the wants of their multitudinous live stock, until I felt disposed to pity them, as I would some

street "Arab," I was glad to learn that they discarded shoes solely because they considered them both inconvenient and unnecessary, except on special occasions. These "special occasions" were usually on Sundays, when they attended our kind clerical friend's little church as neat and prim as any lady in the land. It was even whispered in the locality that if they left the old man's roof, as another sister had done, the "marriage portion" would not be of a character to be despised. Having said this much, we will return to old "Robin" in the chimney corner, where he was snugly seated when we entered the kitchen, as I suppose it would be called. The floor of this room was the bare earth, and on the hearth was burning a large turf fire, the smoke from which ascended and made its escape from the house by way of an open chimney of extraordinary dimensions. Hams and bacon in abundance ornamented the walls and ceiling of the kitchen, as though this kind of provision had been stored up in anticipation either of a lengthened siege of the place, or to avoid a possible scarcity in the winter season. Presently we were invited into the parlour, which was a strange contrast to the living-room, and was really a comfortable, nicely-furnished apartment. Glasses were placed before us, and a large jug of Irish cream. A bottle containing a supply of

THE "DEAR OLD CRATUR"

was also forthcoming, and we were cordially bidden to "improve" the contents of the jug by adding just a "wee dhrap." However, the cream taken from the milk of the Kerry cow is so thick and rich that it needs no "improvement," so that the majority of us preferred to taste it in its native purity, and found it extremely palatable, with the addition of a little sugar. As the long summer's day was fast drawing

to a close, our visit to Gola Abbey was necessarily of brief duration ; and bidding all its hospitable inmates a hearty "good-bye," we made the best of our way back to Derrybrusk for the night.

Wednesday morning opened dull but fine, and at an early hour we started for Lissbelaw, intending to inspect the large woollen manufactory there, belonging to Mr. Porter, and worked by Messrs. Eadie and Henderson, a Scotch firm. By the kindness of the manager, we were conducted over the whole of the establishment, and witnessed many interesting processes, from the first washing of the wool after it is taken from the back of the sheep, to its ultimate conversion into the finest broadcloth. Many of the weavers were young women, who

STOOD AT THEIR LOOMS BARE-FOOTED.

Some were weaving cloth of various colours, while others were engaged in producing woollen shawls or other goods. Specimens of manufactured goods, for placing in the market, were submitted for our inspection, and appeared to be of extremely good quality, while the infinite lowness of the price asked was most astonishing.

My readers will perhaps remember that it was at Lissbelaw station we left the train for Derrybrusk. It is a good-sized village, most of its inhabitants being engaged either in agriculture or at Messrs. Eadie and Henderson's woollen mill. The whole of the place is the property of

THE NOBLE OWNER OF BELLISLE,

who has been indefatigable in his endeavours to improve both the spiritual and the temporal welfare of the people. He has established a reading-room and an excellent library of over 1,200 volumes, both of which are open to the public on payment of a

nominal fee. Through the instrumentality of Mr. Porter, a market has also been opened for the sale of eggs, poultry, butter, flux, &c., and prizes of £1, 15s., and 10s., were given weekly to the largest buyers of all kinds of farm produce. There is a Protestant Church in Lissbelaw, a Roman Catholic place of worship (the site for which was generously given by Mr. Porter), a Presbyterian Church and Manse, and a Methodist Chapel, which was built in 1883. There is a peculiar kind of boulderstone here which seems like a mass of boulders cemented together, known popularly as Lissbelaw "hard rocks"—a splendid study for a geologist.

It was arranged that on the following day we should visit Derrybrusk Church and Bellisle, and take tea at the house of a friend living in Innismore Island. Starting at an early hour, we made for the first-named place, which is a considerable distance from the Rectory. On the road we passed a number of cottages with neatly-kept gardens, the occupants of which were parishioners of our friend. In nearly all the gardens we noticed that the orange lily was extensively grown, and it raised something like a laugh at our ignorance when we inquired why the people were so partial to that flower. It was then we learnt that it was regarded as

A PARTY EMBLEM,

and that while it was prized and cherished by all Orangemen, it was equally hated and abhorred by Roman Catholics, who would not on any account allow the unoffending flower to grow in their garden plots. An instance of the extreme bitterness which the orange lily is calculated to produce was related to us as having occurred only a short time before at a place not many miles away, called Maguire's Bridge. A wreath of these flowers had been hung

across the roadway, which so enraged the Roman Catholics that they assembled in force and declared they would have it down. The Orangemen, however, were equal to the occasion, and with

SCYTHE BLADES IN THEIR HANDS,

guarded the floral wreath during the day and far into the night. Fortunately, no attempt was made by the Catholics to carry out their threat, and bloodshed was thus avoided. When we arrived at Derrybrusk Church we were struck with the unpretentious character of the sacred edifice. The architectural plainness of the building is severely Puritanical, and but for the chancel, which had recently been added, one could hardly imagine that it really was a Church. The chancel is built of a very hard close-grained stone, and was erected through the generosity of the noble patron of the living and his affectionate sister, as we gathered from the following inscription, which appears on a brass plate over the Communion Table:—"This chancel, as suggested by the Rector of this Parish, Derrybrusk, Rev. John W. Kaye, and for the benefit of its congregation, was added 1883, in memory of Rev. John Grey Porter, who built this Church, died 1873, aged 85, and of Margaret Lavina, his wife, died 1882, aged 98, by their loving children, John Grey Vesey and Emily Henrietta. Churchwardens, James Noble, Ardagh, and John Wilson, Mullakippon." The church is as plain inside as it is devoid of architectural beauty outside. On one of the walls of the nave is

A MARBLE TABLET

to the memory of "Lieut. James Walker King, 60th Royal Rifles, of Corrad, in this parish, who died of cholera at Fort William, Calcutta, on the 1st of March, 1860, aged 23." The inscription goes on to

show that the tablet was "erected by his brother officers as a token of their esteem and affection for their departed comrade."

I may here state that Sir Charles S. King, the present Baronet, is a resident Irish landlord. His country house is at Corrard, near Lisbellaw, and in the parish of Derrybrusk. Corrard is beautifully situated on the shore of Lough Erne, and has splendid views of the mountains Knockninny, Benaghlan, and Cuilca. Sir Charles is a nobleman of great integrity and uprightness of character, with a finely-cultured mind; he is also of a most amiable and generous disposition, and withal a true Christian. As a landlord he is beloved and esteemed by his tenants, and if there were

MORE LANDLORDS OF THIS CLASS

we should hear little of tenants' grievances. I have recently been informed that Sir Charles is making arrangements with any of his tenants who desire it to purchase their farms under Lord Ashbourne's Act. He is a regular attendant on the ministry of the Rev. J. W. Kaye, at Derrybrusk Church, to which we will now return. There is in the sacred edifice the familiar text, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace and Goodwill toward Men." There is, however, an entire absence of any internal adornment, the Protestants in that part having evidently made up their minds to show their disapproval of the ornate decoration and ritual of the Romanists by going to the opposite extreme. One cannot visit Ireland without being impressed by the thorough earnestness—often amounting to bigotry—which the Irish people, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, display in matters of religion. Many of the regular worshippers at Derrybrusk Church come from a distance of two or three miles,

Sunday after Sunday, and not a few cross over to the mainland in boats from the islands with which Loch Erne is so thickly studded. No inconvenience is considered too great to prevent their attendance at Divine worship, and in this respect it cannot be denied that the Irish people put us in England to shame to a considerable degree.

Leaving Derrybrusk Church, we turned our horse's head in the direction of the beautiful, well-wooded

ISLAND OF BELLEISLE.

After driving through a long and splendid avenue, we entered the grounds of J. G. V. Porter, Esq., the esteemed owner of the island, whose imposing mansion is charmingly situated therein. A notice-board which attracted our attention politely requested foot passengers not to trespass on the turf. There was the usual rich vein of Irish humour distinguishable in the wording of the notice, which ran as follows: "Please do not wet your feet by walking on the grass!" After inspecting the extensive and nicely-arranged gardens, in which we found some fuchsia trees of very large dimensions, we sought an entrance to the mansion, which had formerly been the residence of Lord Rosse, whose ancestors, it will be remembered, lie in Old Derrybrusk churchyard. In the entrance hall, the first thing which met the eye was a large card, the instructions on which were evidently intended for the guidance of casual visitors. A careful perusal of the same led to the discovery that it gave what was professedly a dialogue between two persons, in which they were discussing the knotty problem of how a visitor ought to act on entering the house of a friend—whether it was most in accordance with propriety to take off the hat or the shoes. The palm of having conquered in the argument was awarded to the one who advocated the

latter course ; and at the foot of the card, the reader was somewhat staggered by the intimation that "slippers would be found under the hall table." A glance in that direction confirmed the intimation, and revealed the fact that slippers to accommodate feet of almost any size were available. Without, however, accepting the proffered opportunity of

"STEPPING INTO MR. PORTER'S SHOES,"

we were introduced to that gentleman, who gave us a hearty welcome, and conversed with us most freely with regard to the scheme for draining Loch Erne, which had cost him so much anxiety of mind, besides the expenditure of a vast amount of money. Mr. Porter is a gentleman of commanding appearance, and determination is written in every lineament of his attractive countenance. Advancing years and mental activity have whitened his hair and beard, but he speaks with a fluency and in a tone of voice which it is a pleasure to hear. He has devoted his whole life to the origination and forwarding of projects of various kinds which he has deemed calculated to improve the social condition of, and to assist generally, his fellow-countrymen in his own and other localities. Mr. Porter is the proprietor of a newspaper, which he has established with a view of assisting him to advocate remedial measures for his native country, and to lay before the public his own ideas of how, and in what form Ireland ought to be governed. The title of his magazine, which is published weekly, is *Ireland's Gazette, Loyal and National*, and the ideas expressed in its columns will serve to show that, while its owner is by no means satisfied with the Dublin Castle system of government, he has no sympathy with the policy of

"IRELAND'S UNCROWNED KING."

The strictly honourable and outspoken character of the owner of Belleisle is amply portrayed by the following announcement which appears regularly in the *Gazette*:—"No advertisements of quack medicines, which are the ruin of the health of many young men; or of money-lending swindlers, will be admitted into these columns." Of course, the times of sailing of the "ships" of the "Royal Erne Navy" are duly announced in the *Gazette*, and in the number I have before me, the vessels are declared to be "fit to receive the Prince of Wales or H.E. Earl Spencer, or Chief Secretary, Mr. Trevelyan." Amongst the rules is the following:—"No whiskey is allowed to be sold on board; and passengers with waistcoat-bottles are requested to keep them for their friends in evening at home." After discussing various topics with this public-spirited and

KIND-HEARTED IRISH LANDLORD,

we were willingly accorded permission to ascend the lofty square tower with which the substantial and commodious house is surmounted, and from the summit of which we obtained a most magnificent and extensive view of the Upper Lake, its numerous isles, and the surrounding country. We left Belleisle with the most favourable impressions of its philanthropic proprietor, which were in no way diminished by the information we subsequently gained that his servants and labourers in most cases had been in his service all their lives, and had been born on the estate.

Leaving Belleisle we made for Innismore, the largest island in the Upper Lake, about three miles in diameter. Entering it *via* Carry Bridge, we drove for a considerable distance along narrow and often tortuous roads, on our way to the dwelling of Mr.

James Noble, of Ardagh, one of Mr. Kaye's churchwardens, whose acquaintance we had previously formed at Derrybrusk Rectory. As we went along we passed a thatched cottage from which the

TENANT HAD BEEN EVICTED

for non-payment of rent only a short time before. The windows were boarded up, and there was an air of desolation about the place which seemed doubly impressive to us as Englishmen. The eviction, so we were told, was not carried out without the assistance of a very large force of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Eventually we arrived at Ardagh, where we found Mr. James Noble and his widowed mother and sisters ready to give us a real Irish welcome. The house in which they live is a long thatched building, of the usual one-storey character. The living room has a door on each side, and the ducks and fowls walk in and out at their leisure. The floor is unpaved, and though it was summer-time when we visited the place, a large turf fire was burning on the ground, over which were hung large ironpots containing food for the various kinds of live stock which abound on the farm. I was sufficiently curious to ask why they did not pave the floors, and was told that they had tried the experiment, but the result was so far unsatisfactory that they removed the stones and preferred the bare earth. Mr. James Noble, and his brothers (who were away from home) are staunch Orangemen, and the former exhibited with evident pride the orange silk scarf, bearing

A PORTRAIT OF KING WILLIAM

on horseback, which is worn by him when taking part in the demonstrations which are so frequent in the North of Ireland. Meanwhile, tea was being prepared, and as soon as it was ready we were invited

into the adjoining apartment, which did duty for a sitting-room. As in the kitchen, mother earth furnished the floor of this room, which was lighted by one small window, about a foot square. In the middle of the floor was a large square table, covered with a white cloth scrupulously clean; and on this was arranged the shining china, glass dishes of jam, and heaps of tempting cake, which I afterwards proved to be as good as it looked. Indeed, the display on the table was more than a surprise when one contemplated the nature of the surroundings. In that locality bread is mixed with buttermilk and a little soda, instead of barm or yeast, and besides giving it a rich white appearance, it is beautifully light and very wholesome, after being baked in a pan over a turf fire.

A short distance from the homestead of the Nobles is a stone which is supposed to have been knelt upon by St. Patrick when he visited the island, and two indentations are pointed out to visitors as being the exact spots where the knees of Ireland's patron saint were placed as he offered up his humble petitions. There is also a legend that St. Patrick's horse sprained an ankle when he was visiting Innismore, and that the animal was cured by the application of a herb which grows extensively in the island. The name of the herb is "daghoe," and though it is found in other parts of the country, it is alleged that it possesses no curative properties unless gathered in Innismore.

The last faction fight in Innismore Island occurred over thirty years ago, and was

A VERY SHOCKING AFFAIR.

Two neighbouring farmers—one a Protestant and the other a Roman Catholic—quarrelled about some

cattle which had strayed. The latter and his family so beat and ill-used the Protestant that he lay by the roadside helpless and dying. Others being attracted by the shouts and screams, a general fight between Protestants and Romanists commenced, in the midst of which the wounded man died. The news spread like wildfire that the Romanists had killed a Protestant. Men and women crowded to the spot, not only from Innismore Island, but from other islands of Lough Erne, and from the mainland as far as Lisbellaw and the neighbourhood. Several hundreds were engaged in the conflict. Fighting commenced in the morning, and was continued with the greatest fury until darkness came over the scene. Every Roman Catholic man was driven from the island, and for several weeks afterwards, during which the excitement continued, not one of that persuasion dare show his face. Eventually peace was restored, and thus ended the last faction fight in Innismore Island.

A curious fact in natural history was related to me by Mr. Kaye. He said that Mr. Graham, a farmer in Innismore Island, had told him of a neighbour who kept a dog—a very faithful animal. One evening a strange cat was seen prowling about near the hen-roosts and nests of young chickens. The watchful dog did not permit the intruding cat to go far, and rather roughly treated it. For several nights the cat renewed its intrusions, and was as often chased by the dog. One evening the farmer heard a most hideous howling in the farmyard, and on going out he found his dog, surrounded and torn by

A LARGE NUMBER OF CATS,

led on by the intruding cat of the previous evenings. As quickly as possible the farmer fetched his gun,

and discharged it among the cats, killing some and driving the others away. But he did not succeed in saving the life of his dog, which had been so badly wounded by the cats that it died shortly afterwards.

We returned to Derrybrusk Rectory late in the day, and arose early the following morning, so that we might have an opportunity of visiting Derryvullan old churchyard before making preparations for returning to England later in the evening. Derryvullan is not more than a mile from Derrybrusk, on the road to Enniskillen. Of the old church—the new one I have already referred to—nothing now remains but the east end gable and a portion of the north wall. What struck us as being very peculiar was the fact that there had been an entrance door in the east end, which I do not remember to have met with elsewhere. In the churchyard are some magnificent Irish yews of great height, and one might easily spend hours in examining the interesting monuments which abound in the old graveyard. Our attention was specially directed to a

ROUGHLY CONSTRUCTED SEPULCHRE,

built of stones, with a ridged roof, standing about six feet from the ground. An upright stone, which blocked the entrance at the gable end, bore the following inscription:—"James Montgomery, of Caroy, died Nov. 1, 1791, aged 85 years." On the right-hand side of the name-stone was a representation of a skull and cross bones, with the closed hand typifying Death. There was also a hour-glass sideways, showing that the sands of life had done running. One could not help noticing the great ages of many of those buried here, it being no uncommon thing to find that the occupants of the tombs had lived eighty, ninety, or even a hundred years before "shuffling off this mortal coil." There were many tombs of the Mont-

gomerys and Chartres, who are well-known owners of land in the locality; also of the Collum family, the living representative of which is Captain Collum, of Bellevue. There is also a large tomb of the Corry family, relations of the Earl of Belmore, who, it will be remembered, lives at Castle Coole, a short distance away. On the tombstone of Marianne Poole, who died June 29, 1815, aged 17 years, are these lines—

"Inclosed within this sacred urn,
here Virtue's Favorite lies;
Follow the path she trod and learn
the way to Reach the skies."

After spending a considerable time in the old churchyard, we returned to Derrybrusk, from whence we drove in the afternoon to Enniskillen, with the intention of taking train for Greenore on our way home. After bidding farewell to Mr. Kaye, who had done all in his power, and very successfully, to make our visit an interesting and pleasant one, we left Enniskillen station at four o'clock, and were soon speeding on our way towards the point of embarkation. In the same compartment of the railway carriage were four young men and a young woman, who had come by train from Pettigo, and were

ON THEIR WAY TO AUSTRALIA.

We were soon fast friends with the young Irishmen, in whose company we remained until we landed at Holyhead. The boat left Greenore at nine o'clock in the evening, just as daylight was fading. The emigrants remained on deck looking wistfully at the land they were leaving perhaps for ever, and it was not until the shores of the "old country" had been blotted out by the approaching night, that they made their way down to our cabin, in the hope of getting a few hours rest before reaching Holyhead. After

taking a drain of the national liquor to keep up their spirits, they were, like ourselves, soon underneath the blankets. But if sleep was impossible the previous Sunday night, owing to the noisy cattle-dealers in the adjoining cabin, it was equally so on the return journey, though from a different cause. In place of the dealers, we had the cattle themselves on the upper deck, and during the whole of the night there was an incessant tramping over our heads, supplemented by the squealing of Paddy's household companions (pigs), of which there was a large number on board. In addition to these anti-somniferous surroundings, a gentleman in the next cabin was evidently afflicted with

A PECULIAR SENSATION

in the region of the stomach, as were others on the upper deck, for whom it was impossible to find sleeping accommodation below. Between one and two o'clock in the morning, my travelling companion made an excursion on to the upper deck, where the air was a little less stifling; and at his invitation, I crawled out of bed, and determined to follow his example. Mounting the hatchway, I could see by the aid of the ship's light, scores of human beings huddling themselves into all imaginable forms on the deck, in the hope of protecting themselves from the chilly atmosphere which arose from the somewhat turbulent sea. The only signs of life on board appeared to be

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL,

except when some unlucky individual was unpleasantly affected by the rolling of the boat, which seemed to be a very frequent occurrence amongst those who were "sleeping out." Returning to the cabin, we found our Hibernian friends snoring loudly,

which they continued to do until the welcome voice of the steward announced to us that we were alongside Holyhead, a little after two o'clock. By the aid of the electric light we landed on the quay, and were soon quietly ensconced in a railway carriage, the train leaving Holyhead as day was just breaking at three o'clock. By the time we reached the mainland, it was broad daylight, but it must be confessed that we were not in the best condition, having lost our night's rest, to enjoy the magnificent scenery for which Wales is justly famous. We had bid adieu to our Irish friends at Holyhead, as they were travelling in the direction of London; and it was not without regret we parted from them, as they had proved the best of company from Enniskillen. Ilkeston was reached about two o'clock in the afternoon, and it was with a sigh of relief we stepped from the train after our brief but enjoyable trip to the Emerald Isle.



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